

DAYLIGHT AIR RAID ON RAMSGATE AND BROADSTAIRS

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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One Halfpenny.

**"OF NO MILITARY IMPORTANCE": BUT IT WAS SOMEBODY'S HOME  
AND FIVE PEOPLE WERE KILLED HERE.**



It was just an ordinary small house with nothing to distinguish it from the other humble dwellings in the neighbourhood. Then the Zeppelins came in the night, and all that is left is a heap of bricks and debris to tell the tragic tale. The official de-

scription runs as follows: "A bomb struck the centre of the house, completely demolishing it and killing five of the inmates." The photograph is one of those supplied for publication. The others will be found on pages 6 and 7.



## BRITAIN AS NATION OF SWEET-EATERS.

Women and Children Spending Freely on Confectionery.

### SUGAR FOR DAINTIES.

"But why mustn't I have any more sweets now?"

A pretty golden-haired little girl of ten impatiently asked this question of her mother, who had refused permission for her to enter the confectionery department of a big West End stores.

"Because," said the mother, "we must be patriotic and eat less sugar, my dear. Sweets are made of sugar, and so you must eat less sweets. It will all help to win this war."

The coming restriction on the import of sugar is causing a great stir not only among manufacturers of goods in which sugar is an important constituent, but among the general public also.

"It does not seem to be generally recognised," commented the editor of *Confectionery* to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "to what a great extent we are now producing sweetmeats and chocolates."

"No statistics are available, but it is a fact that during the last fifteen years we have rapidly become a great sweet-eating nation."

"This has been due generally to the greater standard of luxurious living in this country."

"Then, wages have never been higher than they are to-day, and women and children have never spent money so freely in their lives."

"And the prosperity of cinema theatres has indirectly helped the confectionery trade. More often than not you will find people eating sweets while watching the pictures."

"The trade, too, has received a great impetus during the war in the increasing demands for chocolates and toffees to send out to troops at the front."

### SUGAR RUSH IN GLASGOW.

Purchases of sugar in Glasgow retail shops reached almost panicky dimensions yesterday, customers fearing a general advance in prices.

Firms are appealing against buying exceptional quantities and deny the prospect of increased prices.

Mr. H. W. Sillem, chairman of the Anglo-Netherland Sugar Corporation, Ltd., yesterday in an interview said now that the Government had decided to restrict the imports of sugar the time was clearly a most opportune one for the careful consideration of the development of sugar beet growing by our farmers.

### A "LITTLE MOTHER" KILLED.

Louisa Hawker died from injuries sustained through a motor trailer mounting the pavement and knocking her down when in charge of her little sisters and brothers. Her mother, who was out frequently acting as a nurse, said that



Louisa Hawker.

Louisa attended to the children, purchased the food, cooked the meals and kept the house in order. Her headmaster said that she was more intelligent than 50 per cent. of those in the school.

### "MIRACLES" BY THE BLIND.

The heroes who have been blinded in battle are displaying magnificent determination to overcome their terrible disability.

Such is the purport of a most interesting letter which reached *The Daily Mirror* yesterday from Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the chairman of the Blind Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee.

"Men have gone out into the world," he writes, "after a few months' tuition able to run a little poultry farm with amazing knowledge. Several basket-makers are earning good wages, one who has been so fortunate as to obtain special work showing at present earnings which reach as high as £2 a week."

Other men are qualifying as expert shorthand writers by the Braille system.

### U.S.A. ENVOY IN LONDON.

Colonel House, the special envoy from President Wilson, arrived in London yesterday evening from Paris, and is staying at the Ritz Hotel, where he received several visitors after the American Ambassador had left him.

## THE KING'S DOG.

His Majesty's Retriever Carries Off Second Prize at International Show.

### SANDRINGHAM BORZOIS.

The opening of Cruft's International Dog Show at the Agricultural Hall yesterday brought many hundreds of strangers from all parts of the country to Islington.

Every kind of dog appears to be represented, from Pomeranians to pugs, from sheep dogs to spaniels, but no dachshunds.

This year the King makes his debut as an exhibitor. His dog, Wolferton Jet, a fine, glossy, black-coated retriever, was the centre of considerable interest.

The King's dog succeeded in carrying off the second prize in a strong open class for retrievers, the leading winner being Champion Manor House Belle, shown by Mr. T. Paruley, of Tregynon, Newtown.

Wolferton Jet, who is now nearly three years of age, has not proved an expensive dog to rear. The meals are the same as those of any other

### HOW TO BE PATRIOTIC.

The Government want every inch of space they can find on our ships for the carriage of urgent "goods" for the war.

So order your favourite morning paper in advance or buy it regularly at your newsagent's shop or bookstall.

Thus you will enable newspaper publishers to cut down their orders of paper shipped to this country to the barest need.

By ordering your "Daily Mirror" in advance you will always be able to secure a copy.

dog," said the breeder to *The Daily Mirror*. "Wolferton Jet has been fed chiefly upon dog biscuits. As for her cost of maintenance, it comes to about 1s. 6d. a week—perhaps less."

Queen Alexandra sent a number of dogs in the classes for borzois and basenettos. Her Majesty was awarded the first and second prizes for Sandringham Weaver and Sandringham Wanderer respectively. In the open class for rough basenettos her Majesty secured all three prizes.

### LAUNDRY TO COST MORE

Probable Further Rise of 20 per Cent. in Cost of Clean Clothes.

Laundry bills, which some months ago were increased by 10 per cent., are to be still higher.

Mr. F. G. Stark, secretary of the Launderers' Association, has stated that a decision on this question would shortly be reached.

"It is practically decided that there will be a definite increase in the charges of certain articles varying from 1d. to 1d., while at the same time there may be an all-round increase of 20 per cent."

"Commodities used in the laundry have risen all round."

"Fuel has gone up 100 per cent., while in some places it is even 120 per cent. and 130 per cent.; gas has gone up 25 to 30 per cent.; soap is up 50 per cent.—in fact, everything is up not less than 50 per cent."

"Then, again, there are very few families in the country who have not decreased the quantity of washing sent to the laundry, and although they are sending a smaller quantity they have to be called upon, so that the cost of collection remains the same."

### INTERNED MAN'S APPEAL FAILS.

The appeal of Arthur Zadig from an order of a King's Bench Divisional Court holding that he had been lawfully interned, although he was a naturalised British subject, was dismissed yesterday by the Court of Appeal.

Mr. Leslie Scott, for the appellant, said the appeal raised the vitally important question whether there was power by regulation under the Defence of the Realm Act to imprison a man without any charge being brought.

B.P. 334.



Four houses were partially demolished here. Two people were killed—a man and a girl—(Official photograph of the last Zeppelin raid.)

## WINDOW GARDENERS.

How Flat Dwellers May Grow Salads on Their Sills.

### VEGETABLES ON THE BALCONY.

The window-box flower garden, so long a feature of the London streets, rich and poor, should be turned into a window-box market garden this year.

The yield may be small, but in these days every shilling is worth saving, and there is a distinct attraction about growing one's own salads or green vegetables on the window-sills of a City house or flat.

Lucky householders with balconies should be able to grow a considerable crop, so a gardener better plant out from cuttings later in the spring, after the danger of frost is passed.

"There is no doubt about it," a market gardener said, "that properly tended window gardens could help materially to lessen the vegetable bill of the small household, particularly if salads were grown."

There are from six to a dozen window-sills in the average small dwelling, each of which could be utilised, and where a flat roof or a balcony is available naturally the garden area can be immensely extended.

## SHELL ARMY OF GIRLS.

Women's Part in Great Munition Campaign Which Will Help Britain to Win.

The employment of women as munition workers is the subject of a book which has just been issued by the Ministry of Munitions.

Mr. Lloyd George, in a preface, says that the book has been prepared by an engineer who visited workshops where the dilution of skilled labour is in actual operation.

It illustrates some of the operations which women, with the loyal co-operation and splendid assistance of the workmen concerned, are performing in engineering shops in many parts of the kingdom.

The photographic records and the written descriptions of what is actually being done by women in munition factories, on processes hitherto performed solely by skilled men, will, I believe," says Mr. Lloyd George, "act as an incentive and a guide in many factories where employers and employed have been sceptical as to the possibilities of the policy of dilution."

### HOW SKIPPER FOUND LOST SISTER.

William Martin, the skipper of the Grimby trawler King Stephen, who found the wrecked Zeppelin, has, through the publication of his photograph, discovered his only sister living in Birmingham.

He had not seen or heard of her for nineteen years. After reading the account of the Zeppelin wreck, Martin's sister wrote to the skipper, who has replied making arrangements whereby the brother and sister, with their families, will be speedily united.

### FIRST BATCH OF CONSCRIPTS CALLED

A proclamation printed in red on white paper has been posted round London calling up the first batch of conscripts.

It affects the men aged from twenty to thirty, in Classes 2 to 12, and corresponds with the groups at present called up under the Derby system.

Men are required to report themselves by March 17.

The Derby group system was, through a clerical error, originally announced as closing on March 2, but the correct date is March 1. Men who desire to enlist or attest in their groups must do so by that date.

## WORK FOR 'TOMMY' AFTER THE WAR.

Proposal to Found Little Villages for ex-Service Men.

### STATE TO BUY LAND.

Many interesting proposals to provide work for our soldiers and sailors discharged now and after the war are made by the Selborne Committee, whose report was issued yesterday.

Some striking suggestions are:—  
State to have power to acquire land for small holding colonies.

Small holders to be the tenants of the State; The State to become a partner in these colonies, holding shares also in the co-operative credit society of each one;

The State to provide funds for training disabled men in land-tilling work, and disabled men to have preference as for tenancies; A strong propaganda campaign to popularise the scheme.

"If a man is prepared to work hard and make full use of the expert guidance and business organisation provided," says the Committee, "there is no reason why he should not make a reasonably good living."

The ideal settlement, according to the Committee, would be a village community of at least 100 families, and preparations must be made at once to meet the need that will arise when the war is over.

Expert guidance, the report says, should be provided for the settlers in each colony by the appointment of a resident director and an agricultural or horticultural instructor.

A depot should be established in each colony for collection and disposal of produce, and a store for the sale of requirements.

Part of each colony should be a central farm from which horses, implements, stores can be let out on hire.

All possible social amenities should be provided in the colonies, and women's institutes or clubs should be established for the settlers' wives.

Immediate steps, the report says, should be taken by the Board to acquire and equip land for three pioneer colonies, comprising 5,000 acres in all.

In the first instance £2,000,000 should be placed at the Board's disposal for the purposes of land settlement.

### £50 SLANDER DAMAGES.

Damages for slander amounting to £50 were awarded by a jury yesterday in Mr. Justice Shearman's court to Mrs. Anne A. Hart, of Houndsditch, against Mrs. Hannah Abrahams.



Mrs. Abrahams.



Mrs. Hart.

Mrs. Hart stated that she was walking along with a friend when Mrs. Abrahams met her and applied to her a Jewish word which she translated to the Judge.

### LIEUTENANT BERG ONCE AN "A.B."

German wireless news, picked up by the Wireless Press, says:—

"The commander of the Appam, Lieutenant Berg, is a native of Apennine, in the north of Schleswig-Holstein. He is thirty-nine years of age, and joined the navy at the commencement of the war as an A.B."

"Six months ago he was promoted to be a lieutenant. During last year, when he was about to leave home, he told his wife that she would hear nothing from him for a long time, but that she need have no fear."

### PRINCE OSCAR'S WOUNDS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 9.—Newspaper reports state that the wounds of Prince Oscar of Prussia are not serious, though it is improbable that he will be able to take any further part in the war, as he is suffering from heart weakness.

The Kaiser and Kaiserin have received thousands of telegrams of congratulation, and the wounded Prince has been greatly popularised.

His morganatic wife is at the Prince's bedside at Hindenburg's headquarters.—Exchange.

### LOST H.M.S. NATAL BROOCH.

Mrs. G. A. Shackell, of 77, Boundary-road, Wood Green, N., writes stating that on Thursday of last week she found a silver brooch in the shape of an anchor, with the words "H.M.S. Natal" written across in gold letters. As this boat was recently blown up and all the crew perished she feels that some person, perhaps a widow, must be very distressed at the loss of such a keepsake. She asks the owner to communicate with her.

Read "Some Birthday Recollections of Lord Charles Beresford," on page 5.



# GERMAN SEAPLANES, IN DAYLIGHT RAID, DROP SEVEN BOMBS IN KENT

Three Explosions Near a  
Broadstairs School.

## 3 CASUALTIES.

Raiders Retreat at Once at Sight  
of our Aeroplanes.

## FOE ARSENAL WRECKED.

### AIR RAID ON KENT.

The Kentish coast has again been raided by German seaplanes. The War Office announced last night that three bombs were dropped yesterday in a field near Ramsgate and four near Broadstairs. Two women and a child were injured. The raiders, of course, fled hastily when our aeroplanes went up to attack them.

### FRENCH SUCCESSES IN WEST.

Two successes by our Ally on the western front were reported yesterday. The foe admits that the French penetrated "a small portion of the German trenches south of the Somme," while last night's Paris bulletin describes the expulsion of the enemy from a small post.

The Germans assert that they stormed over 800 yards of French first line trenches west of Vimy and captured 100 prisoners and five machine guns.

## BOER LEADER COMMANDS IN EAST AFRICA.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

Last November, when the Union contingents for East Africa were formed, his Majesty's

P. 225.6



General Smuts.

P. 509.8



Sir H. Smith-Dorrien.

Government offered the command in East Africa to General J. C. Smuts.

He was for various reasons unable at that time to accept it.

Ill-health having necessitated Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's relinquishment of the command, it was again offered to General Smuts, who, in the circumstances, has accepted it, and has been given the rank of temporary lieutenant-general.

## FRENCH MAKE A LANDING ON ISLE OF FANO.

Skoda's Three Principal Workshops  
and Plans Office Destroyed.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

A French official communiqué, according to the Wireless Press, says:—

"The special correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* in Corfu telegraphs on February 8 stating that a French detachment has just occupied the Greek island of Fano, to the north of the island of Corfu, on the Corfu-Valona sea route."

PARIS, Feb. 9.—The Balkans Agency issues the following further particulars of the recent explosion at Skoda. The message, dated Bukarest, February 4, and received on February 9, is as follows:—

"Information received from Vienna in official Rumanian quarters confirms the partial destruction of the famous Austrian arms factory of Skoda."

"The three principal workshops have been annihilated, among them being one where 305 cannon were being constructed. The technical bureau, with the records and plans, was also destroyed."

"The explosion, which was most violent, was undoubtedly due to criminal hands, and was caused by a melinite bomb."

"The number of killed is over 300, and several hundreds were injured."

"The Austrian military censor has forbidden the publication of any details of the catastrophe."—Exchange.

## AIR RAID ON KENTISH COAST.

PRESS BUREAU, Feb. 9, 7.5 p.m.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement.

At 3.30 p.m. to-day two German seaplanes were reported approaching the coast of Kent.

A few minutes later these two seaplanes dropped three bombs in a field on the outskirts of Ramsgate and dropped four bombs near a school at Broadstairs. Three of the latter exploded.

No casualties are reported. No damage was caused other than to glass.

## 2 WOMEN AND A CHILD INJURED.

PRESS BUREAU, 11.55 p.m.

The following communication has been received from the War Office:—

It has now been ascertained that, as the result of the hostile seaplane raid this afternoon, the following were injured:—Two women, one child.

A number of naval and military aeroplanes and seaplanes ascended to attack the raiders, who, however, retreated at once, and no engagement is reported.

## CROWDS WATCH AIR RAID ON RAMSGATE.

Rush to Pick Up Souvenirs After  
German Bombs Are Dropped.

Hundreds of people saw the air raid on Ramsgate, says the Press Association's correspondent, and many persons rushed to the spot to collect souvenirs after the bombs were dropped.

Flying very high the two seaplanes approached Ramsgate from the sea, going very slowly. When barely 150 yards over the cliffs they dropped seven bombs, all falling in fields between Ramsgate and Broadstairs.

The bombs did no damage, with the trifling exception of the smashing of some windows in a house about 200 yards from the spot. The Germans quickly disappeared over the sea.

### WOMEN'S ESCAPE.

One bomb fell in the garden of a private house, but did not explode, and embedded itself in the ground to a considerable depth. Two young women at Ramsgate had very narrow escapes. They were within a few yards of where the three bombs fell.

The raiders, says the Central News, flew at a very high altitude, particularly when over Broadstairs.

Their approach was observed when they were just beyond the North Foreland.

To spectators in Broadstairs it appeared as if one of the machines remained almost stationary over that town for a time.

## TWO ZEPPELINS WRECKED

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 9.—According to the *Echo Beige*, persistent rumours are current at The Hague that a Zeppelin has been brought down by French airmen near Ath (Hainault).

The same journal learns that on the night of January 29-30 a Zeppelin which took part in the raid on Paris was descending at Ligne near Ath, when its engines caught in some trees.

The Zeppelin was completely destroyed and the crew are reported to have been killed.—Reuter.

## "INADVERTENCE" WHICH PROVED COSTLY.

Russian Report of How Enemy Blew  
Up Own Trenches.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 9.—To-day's Russian official communiqué says:—

On the western front at several places our artillery scattered German working parties and caused a violent explosion in the enemy's lines in the region of the Baldon road.

In the Drina-Lievenhosharskani sector between Jacobstadt and Drinsk and near Drinsk there was intense rifle and artillery fire, with heavy artillery activity, particularly on the two sides of the Ponevieve railway.

In Galicia, north-west of Tarnopol, the enemy attacked the Gladki-Vorobievka sector with heavy shells.

North-west of Zaleszczyki we occupied Usieczko, and our troops reached the western bank of the Dniester.

South-east of Zaleszczyki the priest Alexandre Jarlozetky has fallen in the discharge of his duty, being killed while attending to wounded near the enemy barbed wire entanglements.

In the Black Sea on February 8 our torpedo boats sank a small steamer off the coast coast.

On the Caucasian front our troops dislodged the Turks from a series of positions in the region of the River Arkhave.—Reuter.

## GERMANY'S PEACE OFFER TO BELGIUM.

ROME, Feb. 7.—The *Giornale d'Italia* states that Germany has offered to conclude a separate peace with Belgium.

The Papal Nuncio at Brussels, writing to Rome, says that despite favourable conditions offered, Belgium has refused to treat before the Germans have been defeated.—Exchange.

## FRENCH FORCE FOE TO ABANDON POST.

Bombing Attack Which Ended in  
Capture of Small Position.

## ENEMY CLAIMS ADVANCE.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 9.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium our heavy artillery continued the bombardment of the Vauban Fort and the trenches in the region of Hetsas.

In Artois there was a somewhat intense artillery duel between Hill 119 and the Neuville-Thelus road.

The enemy, after exploding a mine in front of our trench south-west of Hill 140, launched an infantry attack against our positions. This attack was repulsed.

Between Soissons and Rheims south of the Ville aux Bois we made a bomb attack on a small post, which the enemy was compelled to abandon.

South-east of St. Mihiel our batteries caused serious damage to the German defences in the Forest of Apremont.

Between 5.30 and 6.40 this evening the enemy threw seven shells into Belfort and its suburbs.—Reuter.

## FRENCH NIGHT FIGHT.

PARIS, Feb. 9.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Artois the artillery on both sides continued to show activity on the front from Hill 140 to the road from Neuville to La Folie. Finally yesterday afternoon the Germans exploded two heavily loaded mines to the west of La Folie.

They were able to penetrate some sectors of our front trench, which had been shattered by the explosion and also some points of our parallel trench from which we drove them by a grenade attack carried out in the night. The fighting continues.

South of the Somme we bombarded the opposite trenches.

In the Vosges there was a mutual cannonade at the Hartmannswillerkopf. On the rest of the front the night was quiet.—Reuter.

BERSE, Feb. 9.—The war correspondent of the *Postische Zeitung* telegraphs that a big Franco-British offensive is probable on the fronts in Artois and Flanders.

He adds that the Germans are fully prepared to repulse successfully the attack.—Central News.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Feb. 9.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—

West of Vimy our troops stormed the first line of French positions on an extension of 800 yards, securing over 100 prisoners and capturing five machine guns.

South of the Somme the French have again penetrated during the evening into a small German trench section.

In the Prete Wood an enemy aeroplane was shot down by our infantry. It fell in flames, the two occupants being killed.—Wireless Press.

## BRITISH MINE SUCCESS.

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, February 9, 9.22 p.m.—Last night we fired a mine south of Fosse 8, and after some fighting with trench mortars and hand grenades occupied the crater.

The enemy's artillery has shown some activity to-day about Anthuille, Loos and against our line north-east of Ypres. Our artillery replied vigorously, considerably damaging the enemy's trenches.

## AUSTRIAN NAVY'S WASTE OF TORPEDOES.

ROME, Feb. 9.—The following semi-official statement is issued here:—

The Austrian Navy during the last forty-eight hours has increased its vain attempts against our naval forces in the Lower Adriatic.

On the 6th one of our destroyers, escorting an Allied cruiser, pursued an enemy destroyer, driving it under the Cattaro forts.

On the 8th an enemy submarine attacked near Capo Laghi two of our torpedo-boats, which fired several shells after avoiding the enemy's torpedoes.

On the same day a submarine attack was made without result against a French destroyer off the Albanian coast.—Reuter.

## THE TRUE AND THE FALSE

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement with reference to the Berlin Main Headquarters report, dated February 8, to the effect that a German aeroplane squadron attacked Poperinghe railway buildings and camp.

Sir Douglas Haig reports that a hostile aeroplane dropped four bombs near Poperinghe Station, but that no damage was done.



German sailors, engaged in land operations, wearing their gas masks. Reports say that many of them have been sent back to Kiel, where the greatest activity is being displayed.



## VICE-CONSUL TO WED.



Miss Dorothy Madeleine Castle, of Svdendam, and Mr. Reginald Stuart Le May, H.M. Vice-Consul at Chiang-mai, Siam, who are to be married to-day. (Swaine.)



## SOUTHEND'S WOMEN WAR WORKERS.



A party of the Southend Company Women's Auxiliary Force receiving a lesson in first-aid. They have also been touring Essex giving concerts in aid of war funds. They are all expert signallers.

## PIECE OF A FAMOUS TREE.



It was cut by a soldier from the "Lone Pine," which for twelve months stood between the trenches at Loos.

## CARVED THRONE



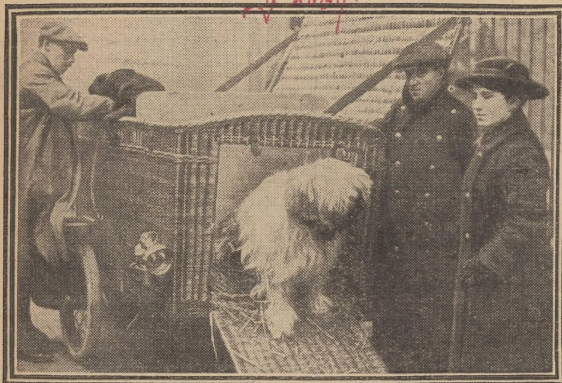
Mr. Thomas Stillman, of Eastbourne, who is ninety-one to-day. He helped to carve the throne in the House of Lords.

## A WING DRAPED SKIRT.



Gown of rose and silver brocade over a drop of metal lace and silk net. The wing drape in the skirt is an important feature.

## ROYAL PRIZEWINNERS AT CRUFT'S.



An exhibit alighting from its basket "motor."



Queen Alexandra's borzoi, Sandringham Oudoff.



The King's retriever, Wolferton Jet, won a second.

The King is exhibiting for the first time at Cruft's Dog Show, which opened at the Agricultural Hall yesterday. Queen Alexandra, who had several entries, won a first and a second prize.

## PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.



The Rev. W. Temple, rector of St. James's, Piccadilly; the new editor of the Challenge.

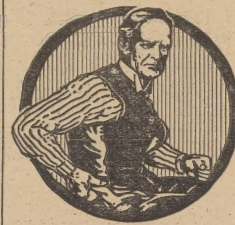


Captain the Master of Sempill, who has transferred to the Naval Air Service.—(Lafayette.)

## Relief from Rheumatism

## Muscular or Acute.

Rheumatic pain of any nature quickly disappears under the soothing, warming influence of Sloan's Liniment. Apply it



lightly—no need to rub it in—it penetrates and brings relief at once.

After Three Months' Agony.

Mr. W. T. Sharp, 15, Oak Village, Kentish Town, N.W., writes: "After suffering three months or more with the agony of Rheumatism, I found more relief from the use of Sloan's Liniment than all the other preparations which I have previously tried."

## SLOAN'S LINIMENT

KILLS PAIN

Sloan's Liniment stops pain wherever it may be and however severe it may be. For relieving Neuralgia, Sciatica, Stiffness and Sprains it is positively the best remedy you can have. Try it.

Sold by all Chemists, 1/11 and 2/3.

FREE SAMPLE

Send your name and address and three penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

## IRRITATING ECZEMA ON HEAD

Spent Many Sleepless Nights. Hair Came Out Badly.

HEALED BY CUTICURA.

"About two years ago I woke up one morning and found all behind my ear and to the crown of my head wet and smarting. I was told it was wet eczema. It was itching and smarting all the time and I spent many sleepless nights. My hair also came out very badly behind my ear. I saw an advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I sent for a free sample and then bought two tablets of Soap and a box of Ointment. I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Sarah A. Walkden, 6, Preston St., Lower Incle, Lanes., Eng., July 23, 1915.

SAMPLE EACH FREE BY POST

With 32-p. Skin Book. (Soap to cleanse and Ointment to heal.) Address postcard for samples: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London. Sold everywhere.

## TO CURE RHEUMATISM AND BACKACHE.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY A SPECIALIST.

If you are troubled with Backache, Rheumatism, Swollen or Stiff Joints, or have darting pains through body or limbs, there is a dangerous poison in your system that should be eliminated at once.

To do this go to any good Chemist and get an ounce or two of carmarole compound and take 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals. A half-glass of hot water should also be taken each morning before breakfast to wash out the Stomach and Kidneys and keep them clean.

Carmarole compound separates the poisonous Uric Acid from the Blood, and the hot water will wash out and expel it from the system. Even the most stubborn cases often respond to this form of treatment. Backache will leave you, swellings go down, and stiffened joints will move with freedom and without pain.

The Tonic action of the above treatment will appeal strongly to all who have been run down by long illness, as well as those who are first experiencing the horrors of Rheumatism.—(Advt.)



# Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1916.

## NOT LOOKING.

MR. HASELDEN'S new series of cartoons about children seem to have filled certain of our readers with fear of a revolution in the nursery.

Are childish manners really growing worse—more Hunnish, more "frightful"? From the streets—"stony-hearted" nursery of the poor—comes also a noise of infantile conflict. Magistrates have remarked that babies were never so tiresome. Is it the war?

One or two of our correspondents claim that it is all due to the fact that we grown-ups are for the moment—for a year or so—too busy to attend to "the little ones." We are, in fact, "not looking." And you know that when the grown-ups are "not looking" the children are apt to take too much jam and cake and to quarrel amongst themselves over the spoils of the tea-table and toyshop.

The other day we ventured to put the point to an experienced mother—very modern—who was having an argument with her smallest child, aged eight and a half.

Now in our day—the days of Noah and the Ark, so to speak—children aged eight did not argue with their mothers. Usually their mothers said "Do this" and the children did it. We did it. But now children argue. They dispute the matter. They question the wisdom of doing it. They lead off with "Why?" "Why mustn't I?"

"Because I say so!" Ah, that sort of excuse no longer holds. It isn't enough. They want a reasonable reason, not a woman's reason. The child-quotes precedent. "But, mother, I did it last year!" "I've told you you mustn't do it *this* year." "Why?" "Because." "But." "You must." "I won't." "You shall." "I shan't."

And it generally ends up by the mother yielding: "Well, then, I suppose you may. But, mind, it's the last time."

That is what is meant, no doubt, by a revolution in the nursery. The infants have got the upper hand.

Now once an infant gets the upper hand, all's lost for the grown-ups. They never get control again. So it continues, this revolutionary attitude, till the childer grow up.

What will happen when they grow up?

They will no doubt then find themselves—as we have found ourselves—face to face with the grown-up—children of other countries, similarly indulged. And wanting things—wanting everything! Thereupon, one foresees a vast collision of wants, want as it were banging other want on the head. In fact, more wars. No, somehow, we don't find peace prophesied in the nursery.

Unless indeed this idea about the revolution and the naughtiness of modern children be altogether false—an illusion. No doubt we seemed the same to our elders. Perhaps we didn't argue so much, but we worked against the older generation in secret, in trenches, subterraneously. On the whole, we feel sure that the war has changed children less than it has transformed the parents who for the moment are "not looking." The badness may pass when parents have time to "look" again. W. M.

## DELIVERANCE.

O Death, fair Death, sole comforter and sweet,  
Nor Love nor Hope can give such gifts as thine.  
Sleep hardly shows us round thy shadowy shrine  
What roses hang, what music floats, what feet  
Faint, and what wings of angels. We repeat  
Wild words or mild, disastrous or divine,  
Blind prayer, blind imprecation, seeing no sign  
Nor hearing such of thee not faint and fleet  
As words of men or snowflakes on the wind.  
But if we chide thee, saying, "Thou hast sinned,  
Thou hast sinned,  
Dark Death, to take so sweet a light away  
As shone but late, though shadowed, in our skies,"  
We hear thee answer: "Night has given what day  
Denied him: darkness hath unslept his eyes."  
—SWINBURNE.

## THE "BOBS" OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

### SOME BIRTHDAY RECOLLECTIONS OF LORD BERESFORD.

By AUBREY WILMER.

IF Lord Beresford of Metemeh were to die to-day, upon the seventieth anniversary of his birth, it is quite possible that the nation would promptly raise him to the level of a great national idol, much as it has raised the late Earl Roberts.

The two men have much in common. Like "Bobs," Beresford refused, when he retired from active service, to retire from the popular arena. Like "Bobs," he has uttered grave warnings to his countrymen. And, like "Bobs," he has had his virulent detractors. *De visis nil nisi bonum* is not a popular motto in these islands. Every public character is an Aunt Sally for cock-shies. But even in his life-

scribed it. Lord Beresford always commands a packed audience in the House when he gets up to make one of those fighting speeches which have so often been compared to "a breath from the briny." He has a bluff, racy, pithy way of putting the biggest questions. "If a Buddhist or a Mohammedan runs straight," he once said, "he has as much chance of going to Heaven as I have." Nor is he above an epigram when it comes his way. One of his most famous obiter dicta is: "Battleships are cheaper than battles."

#### ONCE A WEAKLING.

It is, however, as a sailor pure and simple that Beresford will always be best remembered. When he entered the Britannia as a cadet he was something of a weakling, and a boat-swain's mate observed: "That white-faced little beggar ain't long for this world." But sea life agreed with him, and he became the healthiest boy on board.

The Navy was undergoing a great revolution at that time. Masts and sails were just going

## AT A CHILD'S PARTY: THE STORMY PETREL.



He is the sort of boy who wants to do violent combative things of a football-playing nature. He stirs up strife amongst the others and reduces all games to free fights.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

time it is impossible to ignore the service which "Bulldog" Beresford has done the State. Latterly his mission has been the important task of keeping the Admiralty up to scratch. When Winston Churchill was First Lord, Beresford gave him no peace. When Balfour succeeded him the campaign of pin-pricks still continued. His opposition has borne constructive results, for his questions are always unpleasantly pertinent.

When he became Junior Sea Lord in Lord Salisbury's first Administration, he soon set things humming. There was then no organization for war and no preparation for mobilisation, and he at once agitated for a Naval Intelligence Department. When the Government would not give him what he wanted he resigned. His action was treated with scorn—and soon afterwards the Naval Intelligence Department was created.

His next act was to call for the expenditure of twenty million pounds on the Navy. Again his demand was refused. And again, soon afterwards, the money was voted in the Naval Defence Act—"that great monument of British patriotism," as an Italian writer of the day de-

out and steam just becoming master. Those were the days of "stick and string." Post-captains still prided themselves on their practical skill in sail-making, and Beresford himself, daring to suggest that masts ought to be lower and sails squarer in the 6,000-ton ship than in the three-deckers of Trafalgar, was promptly clobbered for "laying down the law as if he knew better than Nelson."

Beresford saw all his fighting in the decade 1875-85. One of his most famous exploits was, of course, at Alexandria, where his little gunboat, without any assistance, completely silenced the powerful Marabout batteries in a terrific duel lasting ninety minutes. It was for this that Admiral Seymour rewarded him with the famous signal, "Well done, Concor!"

His rescue of Sir Charles Wilson was still more daring. It was in the little steamer *Safest* that he made his dash. At one point he had to pass within eighty yards of a hostile fort—and did it. Then a shot penetrated her boiler. For a whole day she lay helpless under the fire of hundreds of derisives, while Wilson slipped through to safety. Next day steam was raised again. Beresford set his course up stream—

## CHILDREN IN WAR.

### DO WE NEGLECT THEM FOR "MORE IMPORTANT THINGS"?

#### "WHY?"

MOTHERS and fathers ought to be very patient in answering the "Whys?" of little children about the war.

It may not do to fill the childish mind with the sadder side of war, but they ought to know and consider it carefully. Besides, if we don't tell them, they hear about it from the servants. Great Cumberland-place, W. F. M. E.

#### OUR NEW CARTOONS.

MR. HASELDEN delights us with his new series of child cartoons.

People are paying little attention to children during the war. But (as "W. M." pointed out the other day) they "rest us" more than ever. And it is not good for them to be too much neglected. They are apt to run wild. So many youngsters seem now to be engaged on war work. They have no time for the children. A. L. N. Lancaster-gate, W.

#### STARS AND ZEPPELINS.

"W. M.'s" leader calls to mind an incident that took place in a certain Midland city one night last week.

Several groups of people were discovered gazing up excitedly at Jupiter, Mars and Sirius, fondly imagining them to be bright lights shining from aircraft!

It seems a pity that a little more time is not given to the study of the majesty and the calm of the night heavens. The lighting orders may accomplish a good thing in causing people to notice the often overlooked beauty of the everlasting stars.

Appropos of stars: I wonder if it is peculiar to the Midlands to call the magnificent group of the Great Bear "The Butcher's Cleaver"? T. H.

#### "TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT."

I READ in *The Daily Mirror* not very long ago that one of His Majesty's troops was sent back from the front, being "too young to fight" at the age of sixteen and a half years.

My son at the age of fifteen and a half was at the defence of Antwerp, where he won the Distinguished Service Medal. MABEL LANG.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 9.—Among the many pretty early flowers we find in the garden to-day are the winter heaths (erica).

These plants grow to a height of about one foot and are useful for massing on sunny banks and rockeries, or for setting at the margin of a rhododendron bed. The buds are now opening, and soon the plants will be smothered with rosy-red flowers, which will remain decorative until April.

Garnica and its variety hybrids are the two sorts to grow. The flowers should be cut off as they fade; this will improve next year's display. E. F. T.

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

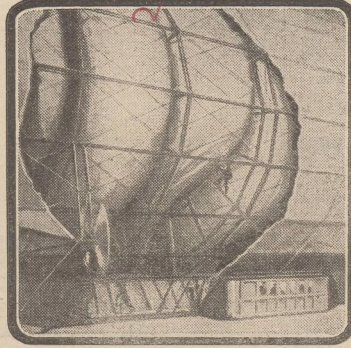
What, then, is to be done? To make the best of what is in our power, and take the rest as it naturally happens.—Epictetus.



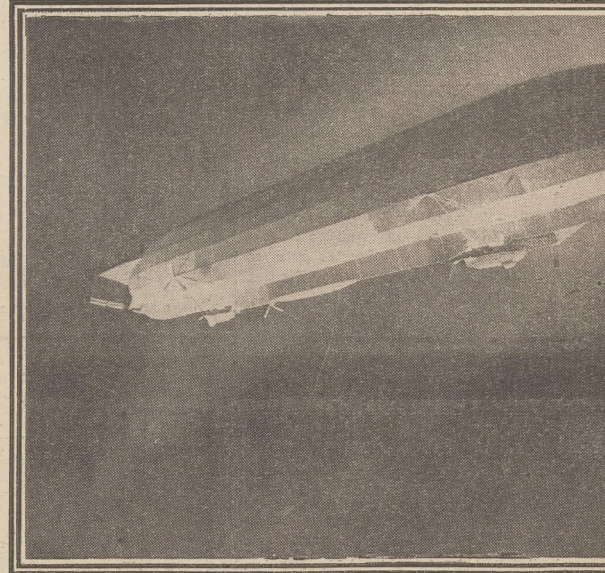
# HOW A ZEPPELIN IS HANDLED AND MANŒUVRED AND WHAT IT CAN DO



How a Zeppelin climbs when attacked.



How the separate gasbags can be reached.



Zeppelins manœuvring over England. The commanding officers are in the foreground.



The class of workmen's dwellings demolished by the Zeppelin raiders, where many persons were killed and injured.



Mission-hall wrecked by bomb which struck the ground a few yards away. A lady who was addressing a meeting and three of the congregation were killed outright.



Workmen's dwellings demolished.

The Zeppelins have come and gone again, and to-day the public, through the medium of the camera, are allowed to see something of what they did during their unhindered tour over a wide area. But only a proportion of the photographs taken have been passed for publication, and consequently it is but a small amount of the damage done that is illustrated.



# WHEN IT PAYS A VISIT TO THE UNDEFENDED MIDLANDS.

L 11914 K



h one another by means of their suspended wireless aerials.



ed and injured here.

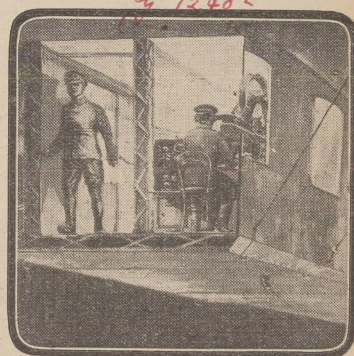
ese pages. Since the last raid the mayors and chief constables of the provincial been busy devising means of warning the people and emptying the places of

L 1248 E



The pilot in the forward gondola.

L 1248 E



The wireless cabin on a Zeppelin.

L 11913 J

L.P. 334



This is a view of the headmaster's house of the local grammar school. One bomb struck the side of the house, killing a woman and child who were passing.

L 11913 J

L.P. 334



Much destruction was done here by bombs, but in this case, fortunately, no one sustained any injuries.

amusement. The pictures which illustrate the gasbags in flight, etc., are reproduced by courtesy of the Sphere. Those showing the damage are official.







# LOVE MIRROR

By META  
SIMMINS

A CHILD DOESN'T  
LAUGH AND PLAY IF  
CONSTIPATED.

If Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Bilious,  
and the Stomach out of Order, give  
"California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative to-day saves a bilious child to-morrow. Children simply will take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste; then the liver grows sluggish, and the stomach is disordered.



Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, with tainted breath, restless, doesn't eat heartily, or has a cold, sore throat, or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is a perfectly harmless dose, and in a few hours all this constipation-poison, sour bile and fermenting waste matter will gently move out of the bowels, and you will have a healthy, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." All leading chemists sell "California Syrup of Figs" at 1s. 3d. and 2s. per bottle. Refuse substitutes.

THE DEMAND FOR

**TIZEL**  
CHEESE

goes on increasing, but there is  
**NO INCREASE IN PRICE.**  
6 1/2 d. each as usual.

"TIZ" Gladdens  
Sore, Tired Feet

"Oh! My poor swollen, puffed-up feet."

"Great Scott!  
Where's the  
TIZ?"



TIZ makes sore, burning, tired, "chilly" feet feel just fine and comfy. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions and chilblains. TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you drill, how far you march, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings relief foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel.

Get a 1 1/2 box of TIZ now from any chemist's or store. End foot torture by over-tight new boots, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/2!



Olive Chayne.

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**OLIVE CHAYNE**, a girl of unusual charm and looks, but with plenty of character.

**RICHARD HEATHCOTE**, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

**RUPERT HEATHCOTE**, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

**OLIVE CHAYNE** is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden where he had stood with her in the magic dusk of a summer night. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spin out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then.

The big man who had only been plundering. He had caught her in his arms and held her for a moment in a close embrace.

Then almost as though he hated her he had put her from him. He had apologized and bidden her good-night—leaving her alone with her humiliation. Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. It is the first letter Olive Chayne has ever received, and in a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! She is filled with rapturous wonder.

As she is reading the letter again the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he has important news and that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised her dying mother that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get the farm. With a shock Olive realizes that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitating, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that she has made a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Omdura, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward casually, and begins to apologize for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible thought is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man. A few more sentences from Dick, and she realizes that this is the awful truth—she had misread the signatures in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her terror is revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. On the journey to the country to their home-Rupert tells her that he knows her secret, and that it will be wise for her not to go against his wish.

One evening Rupert cannot control himself. As he catches Olive in his arms Dick enters the room.

## DOUBT.

How long had Dick been standing there? How much of this detestable incident had he seen?

Olive could not tell, and her husband's face told her nothing. The whole happening had been so sudden and unexpected that it left her dazed and bewildered, with no memory of consecutive events, but only of a whirling kaleidoscopic succession of scenes.

The big room with its shaded lights and heavily massed shadows, and Rupert Heathcote's face with its brooding look, watching her through the cloud of cigarette smoke. Rupert's slim figure silhouetted against the inky blackness of the night, as he had stood in that nervous silence by the window. Rupert's face as it had looked as he cast himself down on his knees beside her.

You've got back, Dick? How long you have been. Rupert and I have been boring each other horribly," she said. "We were on the verge of a quarrel when you came in."

She was trembling and shaken, and for all her efforts she did not find it possible to control her voice. She looked at Dick, and for once he failed to give her the courage that she needed. There was none of his accustomed kindness in his eyes. His face was dark and stern.

"And I've got to get back again to work immediately," he said, almost as though she had not spoken. "I only came on my way to give you the mail. It has come up two days earlier than usual. I thought you'd be glad of the papers."

He flung down a bundle of letters and papers on the table, and, thrusting his own, came opened and some unopened, into his pocket, went out abruptly.

There was something terrifying to Olive in the sound of that closing door. It seemed to echo in her heart like a door that closed on someone who had been there, and who was now condemned her unheard? Certainly in all her acquaintance with him he had never looked at her as he had done to-night.

She stood there quite still, looking towards the door, though she hoped against hope that he would return. And, in the background, Rupert Heathcote watched her with eyes that took in every detail of her slim white beauty, as though he saw it for the first time, as though he saw it with a new and strange enchantment.

"Are you satisfied with what you have done?"

She turned to him with passionately outflung hands and paused, arrested by the look on his face. It was as though he had worn a mask during all these days past, and that now the mask had slipped.

"No, I am not satisfied," he answered, quietly. "There is only one thing that will satisfy me, Olive."

For him the thought of Richard Heathcote had been already his one thought now, as always was for himself. Even the flame of passion for this woman that had burned up so consumingly, was but a ramification of that already consuming passion of his own self.

It was this which who works strange enchantments. Sometimes she takes a weakling, and by her power transforms him into a man with an iron will and a brain to dominate an Empire.

Sometimes, like this, she takes a man who is something akin to the beast, making him cruel and ruthless, like the lurking creatures of the forest who know nothing of mercy.

It was this influence that was dominant in Rupert Heathcote to-night. He looked at the shrinking face and frightened eyes of the girl before him and realized that he had her in his power, and the sense of that power intoxicated him.

"Olive, what's the good of trying to fight against—not me—but the inevitable? If you persist—why, I have only to show this to the man you are trying to hoodwink, and without any words from me, it will tell him the truth!"

He slid his hand into the pocket, where he carried her letter above his heart, and drew it out.

Your letter, Olive—that I have never even opened."

She said nothing. He looked at her white face and saw it almost impassive, save for a little nervous and uncontrollable working about the mouth.

He knew nothing of the thought that she was working in her, the cry that went up from her heart.

"Too late—too late." A week ago, on that morning after her coming to Narakota she might have told Dick the truth and won, perhaps, his forgiveness. But now—there was that between them that would make forgiveness impossible.

Perhaps he misunderstood her, read yielding in her silence, the look of a few rapid steps that brought him very near to her.

"Olive, we're sparring together as though we were enemies—you and I who love each other! Aren't we wasting our time, dear. Be guided by me."

Once again his arm was about her, not passionately compelling now, but tenderly, protectively. In the dim light of the room her pale loveliness was like the beauty of a flower in the gloaming. Her eyes met his, filled with tears and pleading.

"Rupert"—for the moment she did yield to the pressure of his arm—"if it's true that you love me, why are you so cruel to me? Can't you see what you are making me suffer? I don't even try to understand."

"My dear, I understand so well that I know beforehand all the arguments you are going to use. They're useless—useless."

"Listen!" She twisted round and laid her little hands on his breast. "Rupert, in the forest that night you asked if I could deny that—that I had come out to marry you, and it wasn't possible to deny it. It was the truth, and we both knew it. I did. I thought you had written, and when I found out my mistake—that first night—when you came to meet me—not for yourself, but for Dick—I was mad with wounded pride. I felt I must take the shelter that Dick's name offered to me. . . . It was contemptible, but it was human."

Dearest, don't torture yourself with going over the miserable story. Of course, you came out to marry me—because you were wiser than I. You knew that I loved you. You knew—"

"No, no—hear me out. Still you don't understand. I did. I was making my last desperate appeal to all that was best in this man—to all those old memories of the days in England when he had taught her to love him."

"All that is true—but there's more. Later, thinking things over, for all my pride and humiliation I saw it was a thing that no decent woman could do. To deceive Dick—Dick out of all the

world! I'd made up my mind to face it all. . . . and then you brought me his letter. . . . You remember?"

Yes, he remembered well enough. The hotel at Omdura and the figure of this girl sharply cut against the golden radiance of the lamp-lit room. The light in her eyes when she saw the letter. . . . and the desolation in his own heart as he had gone away alone about the verandah leaving Dick's letter in her hand.

"When I read his letter. . . . when I saw how he trusted. . . . me, I realised that for his sake, not for my own, I must go on. I could not turn back. . . . I could not turn back. . . . I respected him too much. . . . Rupert—for the love you say has come to you, for me, for Dick's sake, and the love we both have for him—help me to do the right thing."

There was a break of tears in her voice. All her woman's pity for this man who loved her—whom she loved still, for all the disillusionments that had come to her—shone in her eyes. His torture, his face had told her so much, helped her to forgive so much. . . . She forgave his taunts—the chief threat of that pitiful little letter still held in his hand.

And because of this new nearness that had grown up between herself and the man she had married she felt so strong.

Rupert looked down at her in silence. The light touch of her hands against his breast scorched him; the fragrance of her hair came to him, the scent of English violets that she loved. She was there within the circle of his arms and he loved her—yet she asked this of him!

"Rupert, do this for me," she pleaded. "Go away. Make some excuse. Just go away for a time. It will make it all so much easier. You talk of fighting against the inevitable—isn't it you who wish to do that? I am Dick's wife. Nothing can alter that. And you must understand this—you must. I mean to be loyal to him!"

"And what would your loyalty be worth to him, may I ask—if I showed him this letter?"

"No. . . . No. . . . No. . . . You'll destroy it now, and with it the memory of all these foolish words that you haven't really meant. Rupert, you'll do this for me?"

"No answer his arms closed about her fiercely. "Do you do you understand? I am here, and mean to remain here. I mean to wear you down. I mean never to rest until you come to me of your own free will and ask me to take you away from this twilight world of false ideals, false honour, in which you live—out into the sunlight and freedom. I have different conceptions of honour and truth. To me, to go on living as you wish to try and keep loving me and deceiving Dick—that is dishonour!"

Then, as at that night in the garden in Richmond, when, as it seemed, the seeds of this harvest of tragedy had been sowed, he put her from him almost roughly and went out, leaving her there alone.

## OLIVE APPEALS.

THOSE last words of Rupert Heathcote's rankled dangerously in Olive's mind. She thought of them long after he had left her, pacing up and down the lamp-lit room.

They were false, reason told her that. It was not dishonour for her to strive to be to her husband all that he imagined her to be. . . . It was a false ideal that made her wish to be to him that love for another man deep, deep out of sight.

And yet there was a dangerous appeal in the words. She felt despairingly that out of this crop of falsehood that she had sowed with so lavish a hand nothing could spring but disaster. It would be so easy to leave Dick—to go away. Far, far easier than to go on struggling and fighting. . . . perhaps to lose in the end—be found out for the trickster she was.

Her thoughts were an agony to her. Her fear lest already Dick had reason to doubt her, or imagined that he had. . . . fear of Rupert and those last words.

It would not be very difficult to wear her down, she realised that. One's nerves were less under control here in this languorous country; the heat seemed to fret away one's will power. All at once she felt that she hated the man who had her so fast in a trap. . . . hated him for brushing aside her appeal. . . . not love, but hate, stirring in her heart for Rupert Heathcote.

Why couldn't he go away and leave her alone? Why had he been so short-sighted as to have him here at all—the unwanted third? . . . Why. . . . ? Her thoughts rambled on.

She stopped short in her restless paces. A sudden thought came to her. Why not appeal to Dick—ask him to make some excuse to send his cousin away for a little while?

Even if he had seen something to-night, surely, when she made this request, Dick would understand. After all, Dick was so big and understanding to jump immediately to some outrageous conclusion. She had been lacking in confidence. Dick loved her too well not to be able to trust her.

Straight on the impulse she went out through the darkness that she dreaded to the other side of the compound, where the offices and her husband's private room were situated.

Through the lighted window she glimpsed a glimpse of Dick. He was sitting at his table, his head resting on his hands. Not working, just staring into vacancy with an odd, strained look on his face.

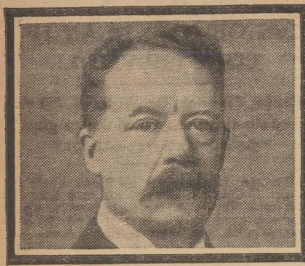
"Olive!" At the sight of his wife Richard Heathcote started to his feet. His face looked almost ghastly in the crude yellow lamplight.

What on earth do you want—is anything wrong?"

She could see the small beads of sweat standing out on his brow. His blue eyes were dull

(Continued on page 11.)





Lord Desborough.

**Famous Men's "Doubles."**

What a number of famous men have "doubles" in London! In a first-class compartment on the Underground Railway yesterday morning I sat opposite a man who bore a most extraordinary resemblance to the Speaker of the House of Commons. A little later in the day, strolling down Whitehall, I passed an elderly gentleman who was the living image of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

**A Mistake.**

A few minutes afterwards, at a famous political club, I came across a man so like Lord Desborough that, although I have known the latter for years, it was only after several searching glances that I discovered it was Lord Desborough's "double" and not the noble lord himself. Lord Desborough, you know, is on the new National Organising Committee for War Savings.

**Lord Derby's Future.**

The rumour that Lord Derby will shortly enter the Cabinet consequent upon an important change in the Ministry was again revived last night.

**M.P.s' Wives and the Zoppa.**

I hear that the wives of certain M.P.s are hoping that one effect of the threatened Zeppelin visits to London will be to induce the House to rise at an earlier hour. The anxiety which they feel for their husbands' safety is not, however, shared by the husbands themselves—so, at least, the husbands are reported to have said.

**I.L.P. Rumours.**

During the last day or two I have heard strange rumours about the I.L.P., that section of the Labour Party composed almost exclusively of cranks. I'm told that certain circumstances in which it finds itself are giving rise to a lot of anxiety among its officers and members.

**The New Session.**

I'm told that comparatively little new legislation is to come before Parliament in the new session, but I hear preliminary rumblings of some big debates. In the clubs it is generally thought that the debate on the Address will occupy a couple of days, and quite a number of members are polishing up speeches of criticism.

**A Ministry of Labour?**

It is quite on the cards that the end of the war may see realised a project that Labour politicians have had in mind for many years—the creation of a Ministry of Labour. All sorts of huge questions will arise when the demobilising of the Army begins, and the appointment of a Minister of Labour is being quite seriously talked of.

**The Looz Story.**

Do you know the glorious story of Looz? Well, if you don't, look in at the Eolian Hall, New Bond-street, this afternoon, when Mrs. Patrick MacGill will tell the experiences of Rifleman Patrick MacGill, of the London Irish Rifles. It should certainly be a graphic and moving narrative.



Mrs. Patrick MacGill.

Effect of the recital is to provide comforts for the men of the regiment, but the tickets are complimentary. You can all come!

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

**Will Not Stay Long.**

War has its ironies. Prince and Princess Salm-Salm, who are now in London on their way to Germany—in exchange for Colonel Gordon, V.C.—are well known to hundreds of society people here. They made it a rule to come to London every year, and, as a fact, are staying within a few yards of a dual house where they have often been honoured guests.

**Good Man at Polo.**

Prince Salm-Salm, like his kinsman the King of Spain, is very fond of polo, and did much to popularise the game in Germany. His wife is said to be the best-dressed woman in Germany, and is reputed to have been in the habit of spending a fortune in clothes. She is a clever dancer and mimic.

**Max Is All Right.**

I hope you have not forgotten M. Max, the heroic burgomaster of Brussels, who is now languishing in prison at Celle because he would not be the ready tool of von Bissing. I hear that he has just been visited in prison by his friend M. Jacquemain, also of Brussels, and that he is in good health and spirits.

**Lewis Waller's Picture.**

I hear that the painting of the late Lewis Waller by Collier fetched far less than was thought at the sale the other day. Christie's valued it at £500, and it went for £73. Lucky buyer!

**The Violinist.**

Following closely upon the engagements of Sir Edward Elgar and Mme Kirkby Lunn, Mr. Oswald Stoll has succeeded in inducing Miss Marie Hall, the famous violinist, to start a short season at the Coliseum this week. Miss Marie Hall, in the course of her brilliant career, has "fiddled" now in every part of the world. She is making a great success at the Coliseum.

**The New Tax.**

Talking of Mr. Oswald Stoll reminds me that a strapping punster has sent me a horrible joke about the proposed new theatre tax. Here it is:—"If the proposed tax on amusements is enforced Mr. Oswald's Toll will be a substantial one!" I don't see why I should have to brood on jokes like this all by myself.

**"Caroline."**

There was an enthusiastic audience at the New Theatre on Tuesday night. And the enthusiasm was warranted, for Mr. Somerset Maugham's new play was certainly the lightest and brightest comedy I have seen since the war broke out. A cast which includes Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Miss Nina Seavening, Mr. Leonard Boyne and Mr. Dion Boucicault is of itself a strong attraction, and one can only say that the play is worthy of its cast.

**In the Stalls.**

Sir J. M. Barrie watched the play with the keenest interest from one of the boxes. Opposite him sat that veteran actor and first-nighter, Sir Charles Wyndham, who bears the burden of his seventy-eight years with an astounding lightness. The stalls were plentifully sprinkled with celebrities, and I could not help observing the amusement with which Sir George Alexander followed the story of the dilemmas of Robert Oldham, so skilfully and subtly presented by Mr. Leonard Boyne.

**And So He Got Promotion.**

I hear of a certain Greek artillery officer whose guns were noticed by King Tino to be decked with laurel. "Where did you get the laurel?" inquired Tino. "Through following in your Majesty's footsteps," was the courtly reply.

**Leaving Nonconformity.**

Nonconformity is soon to know the Rev. R. J. Campbell no more. He will receive what is known as private ordination at the hands of the Bishop of Birmingham on St. Matthias's Day, the 24th of this month. The Hon. and Rev. J. G. Adderley is expected to preach the sermon.

**The Chief of Staff.**

A good deal of interest has been aroused in service circles by the new Order in Council, which means that in future orders to the Army in the field will be issued under Sir William Robertson's name, and will not need the signature of Lord Kitchener. Surely "Wullie," as he is called, has had the most romantic of all Army careers since he enlisted in his early days in the 16th Lancers. I saw him not long ago. He looks a strong, resolute soldier to the finger tips.

**Fore!**

Sir William Robertson is a great believer in keeping in physical trim, and I'm told that he takes a morning ride with clockwork regularity. Did you know that he is a very formidable golfer? So is General Whigham, the Deputy Chief. Now there's a chance for someone who doesn't like Eton to say that battles are won on the courses of St. Andrews and Prestwick. But neither of them plays now.

**Can Afford Holidays.**

I heard yesterday from a friend in Nice, who writes of glorious weather and heaps of fun. Of course, the Hun element is absent, but the Riviera is quite full. Never were there so many Danes, Swedes and Norwegians. Their ladies are not over-well dressed, but they have plenty of money to spend.

**Still Gamble in Hundreds.**

To all intents and purposes the Riviera is given over to wounded soldiers and very wealthy neutrals—the latter mainly war contractors. There is plenty of gambling for high stakes, and the Bay of Angels has as many pleasure yachts as usual. Quite delightful to hear of the sunny south these days.

**Bruges Lace.**

I hear that the famous Bruges lace is made in cellars, as a damp atmosphere is necessary, and this accounts for the high mortality among these lace-workers. Lancashire cotton wants damp, too—and jolly well gets it!



Miss Kathleen Dawes.

**A One and Only.**

This is Miss Kathleen Dawes, who is on tour with "The Only Girl," in which play she was very successful in London. She is a daughter of Mr. Dawes of the Gaiety Theatre, and I hear she is an exceptionally fine tango dancer and possesses an effective voice. Altogether a very versatile young artist.

**Nijinski Set Free.**

News has been received in London that Nijinski, the famous Russian dancer, has been released from the internment camp in Austria, where he has been since the war broke out. It will be remembered that Nijinski had married an Austrian artist named Ramola de Pulsky in Buenos Aires, and was on a visit to her parents in Vienna when overtaken by the war. He owes his release to the good offices of King Alfonso, who also arranged the exchange of Colonel Gordon, V.C., for Prince Salm-Salm.

**Temperance and Turkish.**

You will have, of course, heard of Lord d'Abernon in connection with certain drink restrictions. But this, it seems, is not his only claim to fame. I met a friend yesterday who told me that Lord d'Abernon is probably the finest Turkish scholar in the country. At the beginning of his career he burnt a lot of midnight oil in studying, and eventually passed the very stiff examination for student dragoman at Constantinople.

THE RAMBLER.

## SOLDIER, NURSE AND—

**SANAPHOS**

THE IDEAL RECONSTRUCTIVE NERVE FOOD

A VALUABLE RESTORATIVE IN NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA AND ANEMIA

### TRIAL PACKAGE FREE TO READERS.

Every reader is asked to write for a trial package of the food that is doing such wonders for wounded, worn-out and nerve-shattered soldiers; rebuilding flesh, strength, nerve and brain-energy with a speed that is amazing, and aiding their restoration to perfect fitness.

"Sanaphos" (which is All-British, and must not be confused with German-owned preparations) is wholly digestible, and its benefit is felt almost at once. Besides restoring strength and muscle, it contains the elements wanted by tired, underfed nerves; elements not present in sufficient quantities in ordinary food.

If you wake up tired, if you are sleepless, run-down, nervous or depressed write to-day for this trial package. You will be amazed at the improvement after a few days of "Sanaphos." Mention that you are a reader of this paper, and the package will be sent to you free and post paid. The address is: The British Milk Products Co., Ltd., 69, Mark-lane, London, E.C. Sir William Taylor, Surgeon-General of the Forces, is chairman of the company. "Sanaphos" can now be had of chemists, in tins, from 1s. To avoid confusion with German-owned products, always emphasise the last part of the name—"SanaPHOS."

## Foster Clark's

A 2d. packet makes 1½ pints of Rich Nourishing Soup.

In six varieties:—Ox-tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Green Pea, Lentil, and Pea (Tomato 2½d.)

# 2d SOUPS





Another view of the house which is shown on page 1.

## FEAR OF ABDUCTION.

Jury Find Woman Accused of Murder Is Unfit to Plead.

### HER SISTER'S HONOUR.

The jury having found that she was unable to plead, Mathilde Curtis, accused of the murder of her sister Ellen, was ordered by Mr. Justice Low, at the Old Bailey yesterday, to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

When the jury were sworn Mr. R. D. Muir, the Treasury counsel, said it was not their duty to find whether she had committed the crime, but whether she was fit to stand her trial.

According to the evidence of the doctor from Holloway Prison she was suffering from insane delusions of the most pronounced kind which, in his (counsel's) submission, materially affected her ability to give sane instructions to her legal representatives.

She was under the insane delusion that while she was living in Hampshire at her sister's residence the house had some wireless installation by which information was given to the outside world about what they were doing.

Other delusions were that she and her sister were suspected of a murder which had been committed in that neighbourhood.

Dr. Forward, of Holloway Prison, said counsel, stated that the dominating delusion now in her mind was that she and her sister were about to be carried off by some gang of people in connection with the white slave traffic.

That being so, in her opinion, she did a moral and righteous act in murdering her sister, believing that it was the only way to save her from this immoral life.

The jury must not take it that she murdered her sister because she said she did. That might also be a delusion.

Dr. Forward said that prisoner had made an attempt, on January 21 while in prison, to commit suicide. She was undoubtedly insane. She had marked delusions, as marked as he had ever seen in any prisoner.

The dominant delusion constantly in her mind was the fear of the abduction of herself and her sister for the white slave traffic.

The Judge: How does she think her sister's death came about?—She says she committed the crime, and would do it again in order to save her sister's honour.

## CHILD'S VISION OF DYING FATHER.

A strange story of a boy's vision of his soldier father was reported yesterday from Hampton.

The soldier, Corporal James McDonald, 9th East Surrey Regiment, was killed in the trenches on January 30, and his widow yesterday said that on or about that date her little boy told her, on waking in the morning, that he had seen "Daddy" during the night.

The boy said: "I saw him, mamma, standing there and he said his name." He was wearing his uniform, but had a black badge in his cap.

### HUNS' LATEST CAT STORY.

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 8.—The labour journal *Folkets Avis* publishes a letter from a business man who has just returned from a six months' tour of Germany, in which he describes the conditions there as more desperate than those in Paris in 1870.

The writer declares that he is convinced that there is now not a living cat or dog in the whole of Germany, all having been eaten. Animal lovers trying to hide their pets have been betrayed by their neighbours and punished.

Storks, swallows, starlings and all kinds of wild birds have been systematically killed, and the result, he declares, will be felt in the Scandinavian countries in the coming spring.—Reuter.

## DATE OF WILLARD-MORAN MATCH.

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—The boxing contest arranged between Jess Willard and Frank Moran for a purse of \$3,000 will take place at Madison-square Gardens on March 8.—Reuter.

Jack Dillon outpointed Battling Levinsky in a ten-rounds contest, states a Central News telegram from New York.

### TODAY'S BOXING CONTESTS.

Corporal Jack Goldswain and Driver Harry Paddon meet in a ten-rounds contest at the Ring this afternoon. There is a ten-rounds bout between Tom Nicholson and Sid Whitley and fifteen rounds between Joe Corm and Arthur Parkyn.

At West London Stadium to-night Harry Pettifer meets Peter Cain in a return match over fifteen rounds.

## LOVE ME FOR EVER.

(Continued from page 9.)

and tired. Whilst Rupert was making love to her her husband was working for them both... working to this dead dull weariness and exhaustion... The dull anger and resentment in her heart against Rupert Heathcote smouldered and burst into flame.

"No, no. Nothing is wrong—why should there be?" she cried hastily. "But—it was lonely in the house. I wanted to see you."

"Lonely—but Rupert was with you!" Was it fancy, or was there some hidden meaning underlying that quick retort? She could not tell. Only she saw this very plainly, something was wrong with Dick. His eyes seemed to avoid hers.

"Yes, of course. But then Rupert isn't you, Dick. And—when I begin to see more of Rupert than I do of you, why, I—I feel a little grudge against him."

This time he did not avoid her eyes. He looked at her interrogatively.

"Yes, I've noticed that," he said. "You resent the boy being here. I suppose it's natural enough."

"It is—very natural," she broke out. "I must be quite frank. Rupert is—Rupert gets a little on my nerves, Dick. Don't think me very tiresome or unreasonable—but, would it be possible for you to send him away—even for a little time?"

"Why?" The question was oddly blunt. If she had obeyed the impulse that caught at her heart Olive would have given an answer every whit as blunt. But she beat the impulse down.

"Because—for the most obvious of reasons," she said. "Two is company and three—"

To her surprise, to her discomfiture, kept enough for years, Dick broke into a little laugh. "My dear, I'm afraid you'll have worse things to—"

"He began, then checked himself quickly, making an effort to speak in his usual tone. "I think I understand what you mean," he said. "I'll speak to Rupert in the morning."

She began to thank him with little caressing words, then stopped dead. Rupert himself had followed her into the office. "Anything of importance?"

"A matter of business," Dick answered shortly. "But since you're here I may as well speak to you now."

Olive would have gone out, but Dick put out his hand to detain her.

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.

## NEWS ITEMS.

### Chill Winter's Return.

Snow was nearly 2 ft. deep yesterday on the Brecon beacons.

### The King Holds a Small Investiture.

The King held a small investiture at Buckingham Palace yesterday morning.

### Imported Bound Books Banned.

The Council of Ministers, says a Reuter Petrograd message, has prohibited the importation of bound books.

### Fatal Dynamite Game.

At a Lisbon cannon foundry one child was killed yesterday and six others injured by a dynamite bomb which a boy threw into the air during a game.

### German-Canadian Convicted.

Walter Meyer, a German-Canadian, has been convicted of sedition in sending an insulting letter to an employee who enlisted, says a Reuter telegram from Berlin, Ontario.

### Woman Conductor's Mishap.

A woman conductor who fell off a motor-omnibus yesterday at the top of Whitehall sustained serious injuries to her head and was taken to Charing Cross Hospital.

### Request to Bristol University College.

Mr. Cornelius Edward Probyn, of the Clifton Down Hotel, Clifton, Bristol, left £14,563, and after four bequests of £3,000 each left the residue of his estate to University College, Bristol.

### His Conscience and His Post.

Gravesend Corporation decided yesterday to recommend the Library Committee to ask the head official of the public library, a single man, who has a conscientious objection to fighting, to resign, and to appoint a disabled soldier in his place.

In a Rugby match at Honor Oak, yesterday, Guy's Hospital beat a Cardiff Motor Transport XI by 5 points to 0. Billy Wells (Hereford) was yesterday matched to meet Kidney in a twenty-rounds contest for £25 a-side at the Ring next Monday.

## How to Treat Your Hair and Complexion.

A Few Simple Beauty Hints.

By Mlle. GABY DESLYS, the Well-known Parisian Actress.

YOU ask me for a few hints on the treatment of the hair and complexion.

Well, the less "treatment" you give the skin the better. I do not believe much in massage, but a little cream to the face is necessary to counteract the effects of wind or sun. What cream would I recommend? Well, I advise you to use a little mercurized wax every night and again in the morning after washing the face. Rub it gently into the skin, then wipe off any superfluous wax and dust a little barbi-agar over the face. You will find that this will be the only "treatment" necessary and will keep your face fresh and youthful-looking for all your life. The mercurized wax removes all the dead outer skin, so that you have always a fair, fresh complexion, like a girl's.

For the hair, the first and most important thing is a good shampoo. Never use anything

inferior to wash the hair with. Get some good stallion from your chemist and use a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Then rinse the hair well and it will look bright and glossy.

A tonic is necessary when the hair is inclined to fall out more than it should, and is always good to use during the spring and autumn. Then the hair needs a little—what do you call it?—stimulant, and for this I would advise you to get a packet of boranum and mix it with some bay rum; dab this into the roots and it will not only stop the fall, but make your hair grow long and thick.

Give your hair a good brushing every night and that will be all that you need do.



Photo: Wraith &amp; Bays.

Gaby Deslys

### Blackheads Fly Away.

Instantaneous Remedy for Blackheads, Greasy Skin, and Enlarged Pores

A practically instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skins and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless and pleasant. Drop a stymol tablet, obtained at the chemists, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few

minutes dry the face and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears and the skin is left smooth, soft and cool. This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

### Grey Hair—Home Remedy.

An old-fashioned Recipe restores Youthful Appearance.

There are plenty of reasons why grey hair is not desirable and plenty of reasons why hair dyes should not be used. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you should have grey hair if you do not want it. To turn the hair back to a natural colour is really a very simple matter. One has only to get from the chemist two ounces of concen-

trate of tannalite and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair with a small sponge for a few nights and the greyness will gradually disappear. This liquid is not sticky or greasy and does not injure the hair in any way. It has been used for generations with most satisfactory results by those who have known the formula.

### To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

The most Effective Formula ever Discovered.

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered phenol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair

growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair but also to actually kill the roots so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of phenol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

### Good News for Fat People.

Something New in Obesity Cures.

A London chemist says: "The latest method of reducing obesity certainly is far more pleasant and convenient than all previous methods. It consists merely in eating clynel berries. The fat person who wants to reduce his weight, the usual rigid diet, exercise, sweating baths, etc., now puts a few of these little brown berries in his or her pocket and eats three or four each day.

Clynel berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which

is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. No discomfort whatever is caused by their action, in fact, except for the loss of superfluous fat, and the feeling of "fitness" so created, you would not be aware that these little berries were doing their work.

Local enquiry shows that clynel berries are not very well known in England, but the demand is increasing daily, and any chemist can quickly procure them if specially requested to do so.

### PERSONAL.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity: ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

\* \* \* The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight words 4s. and 6d. per word after advertisement. The insertion in Personal column eight words 4s. 6d. and 10d. per word after; name and address of sender must also be sent.—Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Bevis-hill, London.

### PUBLIC NOTICE.

GREESINGTON STEAMSHIP CO., LTD.—The Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of 9 per cent., making with the Dividend already paid a total of 15 per cent. for the year 1915, as against 12 per cent. for 1914.

### WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. A GENTLEMAN wishes to purchase an entire house of furniture, etc., suitable for 12 rooms, no dealers. Write Walter J. Wright, Esq., Larchcroft, Redhill, Surrey. ANTIQUES, old coloured pictures, china, old guns, silver, Chinese paintings on mirrors, glass, ornaments, etc., bought for cash.—Folkestone (estd. 1814), 365, Oxford-st., W. ARTIFICIAL Teeth Bought.—I am buying, Brooking, Dental Manufacturers, 63, Oxford-st., London, the Original Firm who do not advertise misleading prices; full value by return or offer made; call or post; Est. 100 years. A VULCANITE, in 7s. per tooth; silver, 12s.; gold, 15s.; immediate cash, or offer.—Call or post, mention "Daily Mirror," Messrs. Page, The Leading Firm, 219, Oxford-st., London, E.C. 4. OLD 150 years. GENT'S, Ladies' Left-off Clothing, old false teeth; good value by return or offer made; call or post; Est. 100 years. SILVER, Old Jewellery (any condition), wanted for cash; highest cash; watches, diamonds, teeth, plated articles, crockery, furniture.—Stanley and Co., 29, Oxford-st., London, W.

### SITUATIONS VACANT.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. COOK—GENERAL WANTED; very comfortable home, good wages and liberal outlay; 10s. per week, good references essential.—Apply G. S. Cator, 23, Sydneyham (nearest railway station), Farnley.

GENERAL WANTED at once: good wages, liberal outlay, comfortable home.—Write or call, 4, Hanover Park, Farnley, London, E.C. 4.

SHORT-HAND-TYPIST (Woman) Wanted at the Church Army Headquarters; must be Church of England communicant and abstemious.—Please write, stating salary required and speeds, to S. P. S. 55, Bryanston-st., W.

### HOUSES TO LET.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. DO YOU Own Your Own House?—If not, we will show you how to purchase it for less than you are at present paying as rent; particulars free.—F. G. L., 6, Paul-st., Finsbury, E.C.

### FLATS WANTED.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. HAMSTEAD, Criklewood, or near—Flat Wanted, rent contained, 4 rooms; utilities, bath, gas, and c.i., garage, etc.; rent about £40 inclusive.—Full particulars, W. Box 4,066, "Daily Mirror," 25, Bevis-hill, E.C.

### ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. LADY Rids' Teeth Society, Ltd.—Dent. 24; teeth, at home; prices, weekly. If desired.—Call or write, Rods 524, Oxford-st., March 1916. Tel. No. 441 5559.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. A NEW Cure for Deafness.—Full particulars of a certain Cure for Deafness and Noises.—All he sent post free by Dr. Clifton, 13, Broad-st. Hill, London, E.C. DRINK Habit Cured—Surgically, quickly, certain, cheap; tried free, privately.—Fleet Street 211 Co. 6, Dorset-st., E.C. 4.



# The Future of the Hun: Mr. Bottomley in "Sunday Pictorial"

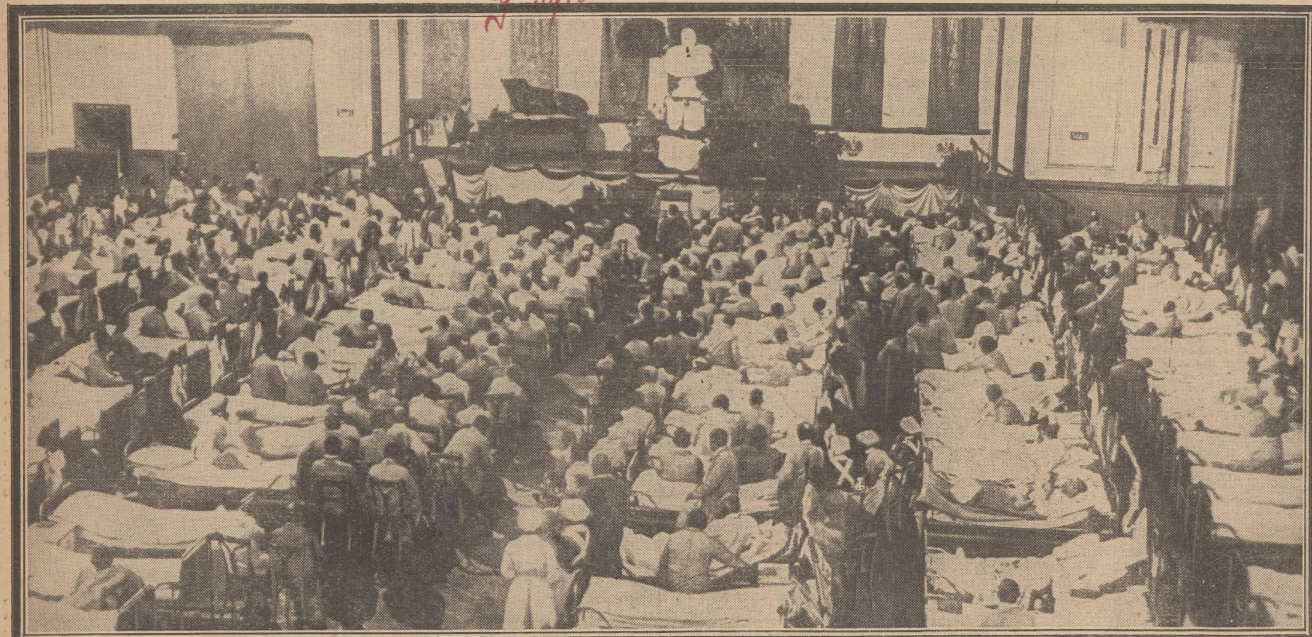
WHY M.P.s Dislike the Press: By John Foster Fraser in "Sunday Pictorial."

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

PAGES of Wonderful and Exclusive Photographs in the "Sunday Pictorial." : :

"THEY DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT": BUT THEN THEY HAD NO CHOICE.



Wounded listening to a piano solo in a hospital. On the platform is a bust of the Kaiser, the man they must thank for their wounds.

### WON D.C.M. AT SIXTEEN.



Private J. Gritt (1st Middlesex), who has won the D.C.M. at sixteen. He rescued a wounded officer.

### TO SING AT THE FRONT.



Miss Alice Needham, the composer of 700 songs, who is going to the front to entertain the soldiers.



Top-hatted musicians play German music only.

Berlin celebrating the Kaiser's birthday. But what did the wounded think of it? And did they enthuse over the man who has caused them so much suffering? At any rate, they were spared the band.

### HEROES AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



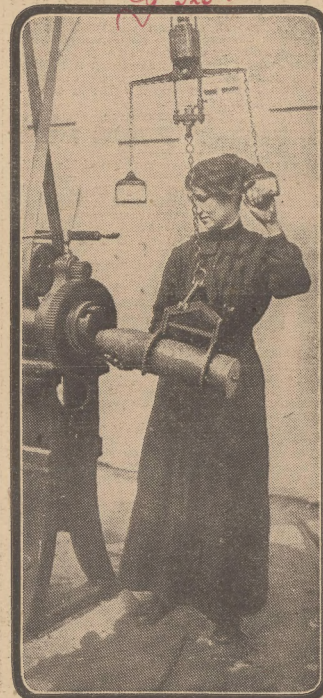
Major Barry.



Telegraphist Lemon; R.N.

Two of the men who were decorated by the King yesterday for distinguished service on land and sea.

### WORKING FOR VICTORY.



Taking out a shell at a war factory. She is one of France's many women war workers.—(Official photograph.)